

MEMORIES

OF THE FORWARD FAMILY



BY
EILEEN SHEKLETON

To dear Ruth, Gary & Jeff.
My love & fun reading
A. Kenne

"MEMORIES"

PREFACE

This is not a book, but some time ago Peggy Thomas asked me would I write some details of the happenings of the Forward family, and my mother's side also. After starting several years ago, I will try and give some details of the earlier days, also of stories told by my parents, aunts and uncles.

I want to honour our Lord with a grateful heart for our Grandparents who honoured their Lord.

My heartfelt thanks to John & Beth Anderson otherwise this would never be in print.



THE FORWARDS

The "Forward" book gives much more than I can give, such as dates and ages of the family. We of course, never had the joy of knowing our grandparents. My father, Stan, so often spoke so lovingly of them. Gran-ma-ma was a sick woman and she always seemed to have a baby or a very young child, besides older children to care for. Photos show the children were well dressed. She must have been a capable woman, knowing her life span was nearly over and leaving a family of ten. She died two years after arriving in Launceston. Stan was then seven years of age. Gran pa-pa was faced with his family of 10 and he married Emily Jane Weymouth six months after Mary's death. I once asked Grandma about this. She replied that it was six months and added several times "it was your Grandfathers fault". My Dad laughed and said "She just jumped at the chance." She was a Godly woman, but not capable of caring for a large family. This was to become hard for the older girls as they worked hard and long hours.

Grandma (Emily), later in life, lived at either my old home, with Joe and Elsie or her daughter Lil. Grandma caused us many a laugh. I will relate some. She liked to shell the peas, but refused to do the broad beans. They stained her hands.

One morning she said to Dad. "Stanley, do you know so & so?" "Oh, yes" Dad replied, "The poor chap with only one bottom lip." She looked so distressed and said, "Oh, Stanley, how did that happen?"

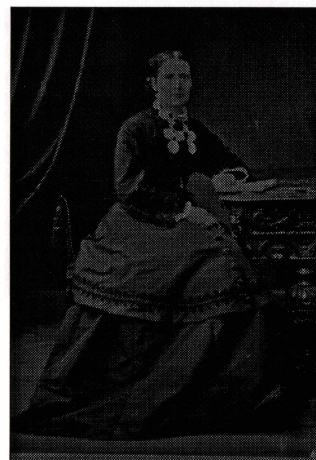
Another evening sitting by the fire she finished knitting a man's sock, then looked at Lil.

"Lil, do you know any one with one leg?"

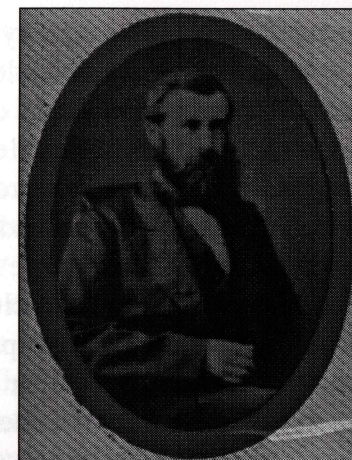
"No Mum, but why?"

"Well I don't feel like knitting another sock."

She refused to travel on a tram on Sunday as the driver would be paid, but she wasn't at all concerned for Dad to drive from one side of the city to the other to take her to and fro to church. But all the family rallied around her. We loved her.



*Grandma-ma - Mary
Lampard Forward
-died 24-3-1884, 2.40 a.m.
in Launceston*



*Grandpa-pa - Giles Forward
- died 1-8-1892 at Sunny
Hills, Sydney*

She and Margaret shared the same birthday, July 29th. Eighty one years difference in age.

She always wore a pretty bonnet when going out. These were trimmed by Lil. At home she had dainty caps, also Lil's work. She would often tell us that there was only she and another lady left in Launceston wearing bonnets. But for saying her prayers sitting right up in bed, she wore an old felt hat.

She died at the age of ninety six or ninety seven lovingly cared for by Lil and Maude in High Street, Launceston.

Grandpa-pa had a Service of Song, I think it was held in the Temperance Hall in York Street. Dad, at one time, had one of his books. It was a story he would read from, then it would break into a song or hymn to refer to the story. One of the books was called "Buy your own Cherries." Another, "Teddies Buttons." In much later years Dad was asked to take a session on 7LA - Hymns and Choruses.

When the family arrived in Launceston, they were met by Gran pa-pa's old friend, Mr. Josiah Tuffin. He and his family were to become close friends to us in later years.

GILES EDGAR = Mary Cure

A most happy, lovable uncle. He married Mary Cure, a very demanding woman, who kept Edgar on a tight lead. She was an artist and her paintings were beautiful. Edgar loved children, but they had no family.

After Dad bought the Scottsdale business "Hardware" which also included a furniture factory and undertakers department, is when Edgar and Mary came to Scottsdale. Edgar managed the furniture factory for Dad until he sold it, and remained there to work.

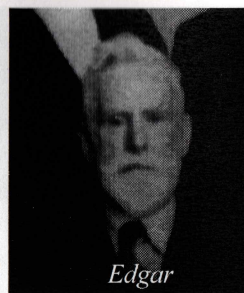
Edgar had Grandpa-pa's watch. I don't remember seeing it, but it was some thing special, presented to Grandpa-pa in England. Edgar would take it with him to work even though Dad so often asked him not to.

"Oh," said Edgar, "People in Scottsdale are honest." He as usual put it in his coat pocket and hung the coat up, but he learned that day, not everyone was honest in Scottsdale. The watch was gone.

His wood work was outstanding. St. Georges Church in Burnie, Tasmania has much of his fine work. His in-laid tables were beautiful.

Mary died in Scottsdale after Mother went through to help nurse her. I haven't the date of her death.

On one occasion they had came to our home for tea. In the early evening Mary said, "Edgar, come home." Mum spoke up, "No Mary, you aren't going without a cup of tea." Dad and Uncle were enjoying a good chat while Mary rose, put on her coat, hat and gloves and sat in the chair, with a firm hold on her long handled umbrella looking glum. The cuppa came in and Dad and uncle chatted away until Edgar put his up down. Up rose Mary. "Edgar come home." He did move that time. We remarked what an ear-bashing the poor man would get on the way home, but Dad said not to worry and it would go in one ear and out the other.



Mary did have some good points. Mother understood her but I failed to. On one occasion when I had to spend a night there. She refused to let Edgar put a single bed up for me, but he had to turn a table upside down where she placed cushions of all sorts and sizes. I'll never forget that night, but I loved watching her paint in her studio. She was clever.

After Mary's death Edgar finally left Scottsdale, bought an old shop at Exeter and rebuilt it into a cosy home for himself. It's still there today, neat and tidy with a few alterations. He lived very happily with Maude and Lily living just behind him, and Dorothy and Neville West across the road.

Edgar celebrated both his 90th and 100th birthdays in the Aunts' home.

I think the only thing that he and his sisters disagreed on were churches. He stood firmly for the Church of England, and Maude was a Methodist while Lily, though she attended the Methodist Church, still belonged to the Congregational Church. If Lulu Young came it was the Brethren. This worried my Dad often.

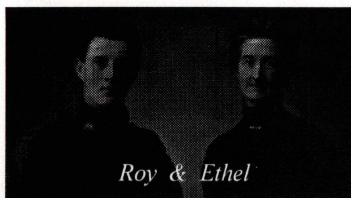
"Why do they worry about the church. It won't matter when we all get to the Glory as to where we worshipped."

His snow white hair and beard were trimmed fortnightly in Launceston when Edgar travelled by bus from Exeter. I remarked on his beard one day, how white it was. Had he smoked it would have been yellow. His reply was, "If I had smoked, Mary would never have married me," so he did love her.

Giles Edgar died 24/6/1966

MARY ETHEL = Fred Briggs

Ethel was a wonderful, loving aunt. She didn't have an easy life, being the eldest girl of the family. After marrying Fred Briggs they had a family of five children, Roy, Gwen, Jean (died early in life) Cora and Jack. They were living in Deloraine



Roy & Ethel

when I fully learnt to know them. They lived behind and upstairs at the shop and it was there when Fred became unfaithful to Ethel. This saddened her more. She didn't get the fun out of life as her brothers and sisters, being very serious, but so loyal.

On an occasion when Dad took she and Janie for an outing in our "high and mighty" car. Ethel sat up straight, holding the handle of the car door, while Janie was enjoying every minute. At last Janie said "Oh Ethel, look at this and that. If Stan turns the car over, we will all go to Glory together, but he isn't likely to tip us out."

I've stayed in their home many times and each visit holds happy memories. I loved her lemon syrup. She was an excellent cook and house keeper.

At one time they attended the Laurence Vale Methodist Church and as usual, Ethel and the family went together. One service, when nicely seated, in walked Don, their faithful dog and sat down. I think it was Cora who took him home. He was a great companion to them all.

ROY

Roy went to the war. This was a big strain on Ethel. Thankfully he returned, but had been badly gassed and he never regained his full strength. He married Eunice Percy and they had one son, Des. Sadly, Des has poor health. He and his wife, Barbara now live in Kingston and have one daughter.

GWEN

Gwen married Hugh Wilmot and had one daughter, Elaine who lives in New Zealand. Gwen had a ulcer which at times, brought her close to death.

Once when coming home from a holiday, she took very ill and was rushed to hospital and given a blood transfusion. She

asked a nurse later who gave her the blood.

The nurse replied, "Your husband" "Oh," said Gwen, "I will be bandy-legged like Hugh now."

She was a fine looking woman and was so loved.

CORA

Cora was a very warm hearted woman, kind, but she seemed to think she was just a "no-body". She certainly wasn't. A more devoted daughter you couldn't find. Her father trouble made her bitter and she stood firmly for Ethel.

Her marriage to Reg Robertson was a failure, so she lived a lonely life with her garden and little dog for company.

Cora was to us a wonderful cousin.

JACK

Jack lived with us during his high school days and became just one of the family. He married Nell Rule and they had three sons. Nell only died a short time ago. She was shy, but a lovely person.

Jack, before exam time, became really ill, eating nothing. This worried Mum, however, he would sit his tests. Then his appetite returned in a moment of time. One time we were not home till after Jack, exam finished. We found him sitting in the tomato patch enjoying the fruit. He was starving!

Ethel always wore a black velvet band round her neck. The one I loved best was trimmed with three tiny pearl shells. We all felt her death keenly

Mary Ethel died 21/11/1945

JOHN WILLIAM (WILL) = Helena (Lena)

Will and his wife, Lena were married in Launceston on 17th March, 1897 and were the brightest of our Aunts and Uncles. They were both very musical. Lena played the piano and violin. She also taught music whilst living in Launceston.



Will was in the musical part at Birchchills. If I remember rightly, they, and daughters, Freda and Rita were all in the choir at Paterson Street Methodist Church. Their home was full of laughter. Will was a happy uncle and Lena a real help mate. They moved to Hobart. On a visit to their home, Lena asked me to bring my two friends to dinner one evening. We went around for a beautiful meal, so carefully prepared. We had a pleasant evening. Will was at bowls and when he returned home, Lena said "Have you had tea, Will?" He replied, "Yes," We were asked to come to the dining room for supper, so daintily prepared, best china etc., and there sat Will with a loaf of bread, tin of jam and a pound of butter. Lena nearly fainted with shock. "Will, you said you had tea." "Yes," he said "but you didn't ask me what tea." We all saw the funny side and Lena burst out laughing. She was so merry.

FREDA

Freda never married and she, with Rita are now in St. Anns Nursing Home in Hobart. She loved gardening and continued driving the car until she was 93 years of age.

RITA

Rita married Bob Wallace later in life. After his death, she and Freda made a home together where we visit them when in Hobart. We always got such a welcome to their pleasant home. Freda and Rita have lived to a wonderful age - 95 and 93 (Feb. 1993)

Another story of Will will come later.

Lena was a real lady, always smartly dressed. We loved this aunt and uncle.

John William died 6/8/1940

Lena died 18/6/1942

Emily MAUDE

No one could have loved her nieces and nephews more than Maude did. She was interested in all our plans and our families, but she was determined, tiny as she was. She felt she had a call to Fiji as a missionary. She met the board of the Congregational Church but they felt she was not strong enough. That did not suit Maude, so she went to the Methodist Church and there she was accepted. She spent seventeen years in Fiji, refusing to come home on furlough. She felt she must remain and care for the girls in her care. It's amusing to think of this little woman chasing away six foot tall young men at night when they came looking for the girls. She was brave, but her health broke down and she returned home, broken in body, but not in spirit. She was in St. Margarets Hospice for a time and later came to Wynyard to visit us. I can still see her tiny thin hands holding her cup of tea, trying to get some warmth into her poor thin bones.

She loved caring for people. When needed she would be there. In later years she helped nurse Gran-ma when she and



Lily lived in High Street. After Gran-ma's death, Lily built her little home at Exeter, where Maude joined her, living to nearly ninety six years of age. After a fall and pneumonia she lost her brave fight for life.

I remember her visiting the Punchbowl Reserve when on a visit to us. She came home most distressed and certainly spoke her mind. How could they alter what she remembered. Dad tried to calm her telling it was progress, being made suited for picnics etc. But she couldn't have a par to that. It was spoilt. I wonder what she would say if she were here to see the Reserve today.

Bathers were another thing. She and Gran-ma both agreed on this point - "Disgusting - above the knees and some don't even have sleeves!"

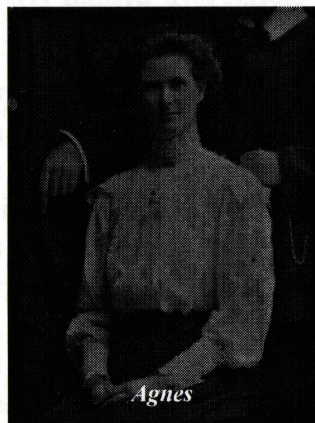
We loved her. Her welcome was so sincere and she was always so bright.

Emily Maude died 4 -1- 1967

AGNES Green & ROBERT PATON

Agnes was the proud member of the family and a fine looking woman and always dressed well. I first remember her when I was about 6 years old and were living in Wynyard. Agnes had married and gone to Western Australia to live. They had one son, Jim, a fine looking boy.

At this time, Agnes, Bob and Jim came for a holiday. I still remember how smartly Jim dressed, somehow different to our boys. He also owned a camera, the first I'd seen. I still have one of Jims faded snaps, 80 years old, of myself and our dog, Scamp. Bob had a fine singing voice. We spent many evenings together on this visit. Lulu and Dave lived not far from us. My



Agnes

Grandma Morse and Janie Young came for a holiday. Grandma, in one of her diaries, mentioned the happy singing evening and Mr. Patons fine voice.

Bob seemed to have plenty of cash but certainly wasn't proud either. We loved him. After his death on 6th August, 1945 Agnes often came to see us and stayed some months. We always were told of Western Australia. j She would show me her box of jewellery, but making me understand these were only imitation, the real ones were in Western Australia.

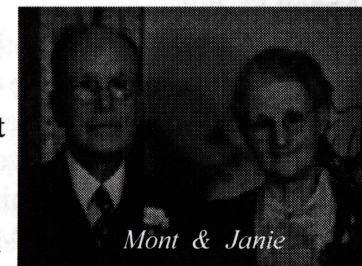
She had endless stories to tell us of their one time pet monkey. She spoke of her travelling to and fro to see us, once by ship but she didn't enjoy it like the train.

Jim married Lilly and they had three sons, but sadly this family are lost to us now. Jim died in early life, but we do know their sons have all done well.

In Agnes's single days living at home, she was to take a prescription down to the chemist for someone ill in the home. Smartly dressed, she sat down at the table next to Will to have a cup of tea before going. While waiting for the bottle of mixture, she walked up and down Brisbane Street window shopping. People were looking her way and smiling. Finally Agnes found a mirror at one shop window and to her horror a big chunk of bread was on her hat pin. Will sure heard it all on her return. I guess he really enjoyed it in spite of the tongue lashing.

JANE BEATRIX = Mont Young

Janie was a wonderful woman. She had so many trials in her life, but one would never know. She was so bright, a most loveable person. Her prayer life was her main help. Mont was a dreamer, so Janie, with a family of five, really was the "home maker". Mont was a farmer and many times Janie told me of how poor they were. Many meals were just bread and milk. There was not enough bed



Mont & Janie

clothes, so she would have a full outfit of older clothes and dress the children, so they would be warm at night. Yet she met people with a smile.

LILY, their eldest child, became an invalid. I think it was at the age of 12 years she developed arthritis. It seemed as if it was rest she needed and she soon became a total invalid physically, but not in mind. She helped run the home, giving advice. This was a big tax on Janie, as Lily needed so much care. Mum and I talked of how we could manage Lily for a holiday, and so our invite went. She came with her uncomfortable wheel chair. It was a holiday we will never forget. There was so much laughter. Ray was the one who lifted her in and out of bed, telling her what a lazy woman she was and so forth, but Lily told me that with all Ray's chipping, she had never had one to lift her as gently as he did.

One beautiful day, Mum and I decided to take Lily up the Gorge. This was a mighty long walk - miles. We went forth very gaily, till we came to High Street on our return home. We looked at each other, wondering if we could push this old chair up the hill, when a gentleman spoke, "Allow me" and he strode off. It was Mr. Stopps, the Police Magistrate. God met our need. Once to Claremont street we were right. Mr. Stopp raised his hat and left us. Bob saw us coming and helped us home up the Abbott St. hill.

AUDREY MAY was another special cousin, very different to Lily. She decided to drive to Queensland, so had a few lessons, received her licence, then set off for Devonport and to Melbourne on the Boat. She then drove safely to Brisbane. She passed away recently and how I miss her letters. She longed for news of her relatives. She, like Maude, loved them. She would tackle anything and win through. She married Bill Owens and had two daughters, Audrey and Rosemary.

ROLAND and Lil lived not far from us in Devonport so we saw much more of them in later life. Lil was very unwell at times.

After her death, Roland often came and had a meal with us, recalling many youthful events.

WILFRED had many ups and downs and this saddened Janie. She would leave a lighted candle in his room at night, so if he came home he would know his bed was there and was welcome. He married happily, and has one daughter, Janet. He only died a few years ago, quite suddenly. He was smart, and a real gentleman.

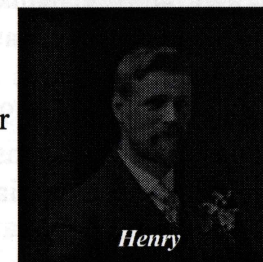
RUTH and I were close and after coming to Ulverstone to live, we saw each other often. When our English cousins would come on visits, we would have a gathering at either of our homes. We never had a cross word. Ruth was a wonderful person, as was Frank, her husband. It saddened us greatly when Ruth lost her memory, yet she always knew me and would mention events. She was a cousin I sadly missed. They kept an open home.

All Janie's family were a credit to her. I never heard her complain. She had to have an eye removed. Once, in the city, she almost fell over a baby in a pram which was on her blind side. This really upset her. Our Auntie Janie was one who was very special. She entertained guests and her love for missionaries saw many in her home.

Jane Beatrix - died 26/5/52

HENRY HERBERT FORWARD

It is hard to know where to start with Henry and his family. I knew and loved them from an early age. Henry was a Godly, sincere and loveable man. After losing his first wife, Ada (nee Knowles) he was left with a family of six. Another son was buried at a lonely place in Lorrina via Sheffield. Baby Maude was, I believe, only a few days old when her mother died. Maude came to our home and was so loved by us. Henry and family were living in Wynyard at that time. Maude was



approximately twelve months old when Mum told Henry he should do one of two things. Remarry and take Maudie, or she would be ours for good. All his family needed a "mother".

Belinda Smith was his choice and a more wonderful mother one could not be found. She won their hearts. After the family moved to Queensland at their son, Alberts death, Henry wrote and told us the sad news. I remember little of the letter, but the last sentence "Linda has been more than a mother could be". In later years she was told me of a problem she was facing. I said to her, "This is not your first problem." "No Eileen, isn't. The biggest I ever faced was when Henry asked me to marry him. I just had to go on my knees and ask the Lord was I willing to take these children as my own. I did." Then her dear old face beamed and she said "And haven't I been rewarded". They loved her so.

Henry had a very neatly trained beard till on a visit to Launceston late in his life. It was gone one morning. To my knowledge, no-one knew when and how. He grew it again. His family were a close knit, happy, singing family.

JACK lost his wife, Janet and was left with four children. It was many years later he married a widow, Flo, a very loving person. Our visits to their home hold happy memories.

GEORGE was special. A friend was going to Queensland on a working holiday. She had often heard me speak of George. One evening prior to her leaving Launceston, she said "Wouldn't you laugh if I came back as Mrs. George Forward" She did. It was many years later she, George and family came to visit us. Their family remained close friends. When George passed away, Win (nee Shaw) made her home with her son and his wife, Richard and Helen. Win is now in Bethany Home where Linda, who lived to about 96, spent her last days.

One of Georges sons, Bill and his wife, Gladys, were at one time missionaries in India, and are now going to Romania, Bill as a Bible Teacher.

Another son, David and his wife, Marion, live in Brisbane. Their only daughter, Ann and her husband, David are on a farm.

Another son, RICHARD and wife, Helen are in charge of a youth camp. They had a trip to England and visited our cousins. His letter is like a small book of what they saw. They even went and knocked at the door of the Forwards old home and he told the lady who he was and why the interest. She asked them in and they, with Peggy saw through the old home. Peggy was then able to give the lady details of the home. A neighbour of the family, an agnostic, once said he didn't believe in heaven or hell, but if ever there was a heaven, I only know of one person who could go there and this was Linda Forward. What a wonderful testimony.

HILDA lives in Victoria, but I've lost trace of her. She was 91 this year and is a loving, kind woman. She came to the Forward reunion.

FRANK I only met some of his family. Ross came to the reunion, and later Gilbert. Franks wife, Alma, I've only met once or twice. Gilbert has two sons.

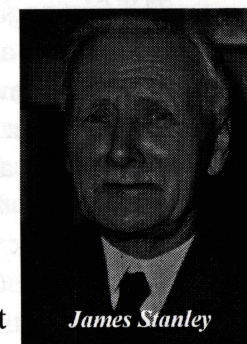
MAUDE lives in Adelaide. She has been a widow for many years and is often not well.

Henry Herbert died 1/6/1958

JAMES STANLEY

Dad, and what a great Dad he was. His mother died when he was seven. At the age of thirteen he went to Sheffield to work. He was a lonely man. One of Mums cousins, Harry Day, asked Stan to the Gospel Hall. He did go, up over the paddocks. He didn't want to be seen going, but he got such a welcome and met George and Amelia Morse and family. He later married the eldest daughter, Lillian.

When working for T.J.Clark he was sent



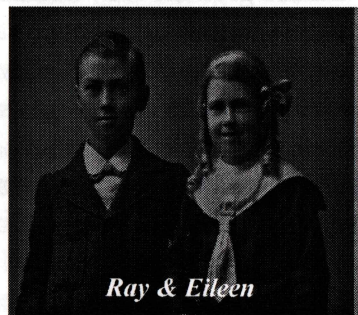
James Stanley

into the lonely township of Wilmot. One job was to go round the farms collecting orders for groceries etc. A chap asked him to stay for dinner. The sausages looked nice so he said he would. The chap picked up a dirty pair of socks off the floor and wiped the frying pan. Stan then decided he had urgent business elsewhere and hastily left! There are many such stories of his younger days.

He finally left Sheffield and went to Burnie. He returned and married under the huge cherry tree in Grandad's back yard on May 30th 1903. Ray was born during their time in Burnie. When he was a small boy they moved to Tullah, a mining town with only a horse drawn tram to the outside world. Lily cried when she moved there and she cried more when she left. They made such close friends. Drink was the big problem in the township. The miners would leave their pay packets with Dad on their way home, otherwise it would all go on drink. One huge man was kind until he became drunk and wild. He raced into the shop with a pitch fork and charged at Stan who rushed into the office, slamming the door. There was no back entrance and the door was giving way so Stan suddenly let go and the chap flew in and Stan flew out. He got home safely.

The first engine to come to Tullah was the Wee Georgie Wood. This was a great event. Ray met the train down the track and rode home in high glee in with the driver.

I was born in Tullah. I only remember little bits such as going to Morgans and coming home with my hands full of butter. I still love butter. We left there in 1913. Stan went back to Tattersalls to work. We were very close friends with the Tattersalls and the Greenhills. I still visit a daughter, Lexie, in St. Helens. Stan then moved to Wynyard and bought a grocery



store. The home and shop are still there with its old memories, for example, sliding up and down the huge entrance hall on mats to polish it for Mum.

Our home was an open home. We had so many visitors. Dave and Lulu were living there as well as Henry and family.

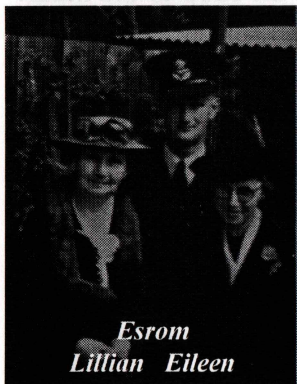
We later moved to East Wynyard and the shop to the main shopping area. It was there that we got to know the Shekletons' son, Reg. He had a smaller tricycle than Ray so I made any excuse to go to the Sheks to ride the bike.

Major Robert-Thompson had a large family and lived on Table Cape in a lovely old home. He was in the war from 1914 - 18. On Sunday, after a rush home from church and a hasty meal, Stan would have old Jack in the pony carriage and was off to Table Cape for Sunday School (held in their home) to help Mrs. Robert-Thompson. That Sunday school continued until very recently.

Lily's health broke down and Stan decided to leave easterly weather behind and bought a business in Scottsdale, this time a hardware shop. Those were happy days. Our home had a cosy living room with the smallest fire place I've ever seen and it sent out such heat.

Dad decided to buy a car, an "Overland", which was delivered to our back yard. The salesman showed Dad how to start the car, (he named it "Barney") crank the handle, then the gears, speedo and away he went. It was a Wednesday half holiday, so off we set. It was a bit jumpy, but alright till Mum said "Stan, we should go home now." Well His reply "I don't know how to turn the jolly thing." For a time we were across the Bridport Road while Dad reasoned it out. We got home safely. On one occasion we were travelling home from Launceston with Auntie Lil who was coming for a holiday. The Sidling, in those days, was a bad road, narrow with only one place for passing with a deep gully along the side. That's where we met a wagon and bullock team. Dad got us all out of the car and drove it to the edge of the gully. The driver of the wagon took his team

inch by inch with two wheels up the side of the high, steep bank. Had it tipped, all including driver and Dad would have disappeared down the gully. It was a hair-raising event. Then Dad moved the car slowly back on to the road. How we all thanked God for His care.



*Esrom
Lillian Eileen*

While living in Scottsdale Esrom (Bob) was born. I was nine at the time. I had had the day with Auntie Mary. On returning home in the evening, there he was, a baby brother and a beauty too. As excited as I was, I told Dad I was still going to pray for a sister. Mum was not at all well and she didn't think it a good idea, but I still prayed.

World War 1 was being fought when we moved in Scottsdale. Stan had one of the very few cars and he was often asked to take a sad message of a son being killed or wounded. This happened one evening and he said "I'll go out early in the morning and break the news of the son killed." I asked could I go too. It was dark when we left and I'll always remember that drive down a narrow road with tall trees meeting about over head. As we drove into the yard Mr. McBean was just going to milk. Dawn was breaking. He put his buckets down and walked to the car, putting his foot on the running board and said "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.". It's something I will never forget, His perfect trust in God. His wife was bitter till troubles heaped up and she at last said "I'll bow to God, or He will take everything from me."

We later moved to Launceston and Dad opened his shop in Brisbane Street. It was a struggle then to compete but he won through. This is when I became ill with nephritis. It was a big tax on my parents. The doctors gave me thirty six hours to live. Then Neville West came to our rescue - I went on his diet and here I am in my 85th year and still going strong.

7LA asked Dad would he consider starting a session on the

air. He grouped together a band of singers and began "Sunday Hymns & Choruses". It went beyond all our imagination. Letters came from far and wide - a request for Miss Ada Wilson to sing "The Old Ragged Cross", requests for prayer visits. A lady came into the shop and told him, "I had a very big trial to face. I was walking up and down the room and for some reason I pushed the button on the wireless and your voice came through. "Take it to the Lord in Prayer" I just did that, I fell on my knees and I felt as if a cloak fell off me. God's perfect timing." She said God was there to help her. The session needed help. At one time, Edney Forward took the alternate Sundays. After Dad's death, the session was carried on by Aubrey Overton.

An event which thrilled us was when Stan was honoured by Queen Elizabeth and received the high honour British Empire Medal. The then time Governor heard one of the sessions and was deeply impressed. He enquired after more details and Stan received a telegram informing him of the honour to be bestowed on him. It was a great surprise.

Mum was right behind Dad, otherwise he would not have managed. She was a wonderful, caring mother.

Then my prayers were answered at long last. I was about to give up as Dad was fifty and Mum, forty -five years old. Margaret arrived, a tiny, not robust baby but after some weeks she decided to make good and what joy she has brought to us all and still does.



Margaret

I was born in 1908, and married Reg Shekleton. We have two children, Gwyneth and John. We have five living grandchildren. Gwyneth's daughter, Sharon and John's family, Bruce, twins Carole, Catherine and Olivia. Their first little girl, Nicola, died at 13 months of age after a major heart operation. A little sufferer at rest.

Esrom married Dulcie Cook. She was a very clever needle woman and a wonderful mother. Dulcie died four years ago. They have four sons, Garry, Phillip and twins Christopher

and Anthony, two grand sons and three granddaughters. Bob has re-married happily to Jan. His family, except for Anthony, live in Hobart.

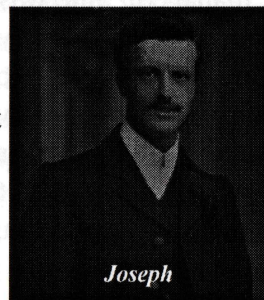
Margaret married Peter McCormack and have five children and 15 grandchildren. Beth And John Anderson, Michael and Sue, Simon and Susan, Ruth and Gary Overton and Mary and Fred Baker. I've written a lot about our family, but I knew them best of course and it's for our family in future years to know what Stan and Lily were like, and how they were loved.

It was a big shock when our dear mother died so suddenly. There was a big gap in our lives. Dad was so brave.

Ray passed away some time after Mum's sudden death. He had a long illness. Dorothy (nee Jones) his wife, too has gone. She had a beautiful contralto singing voice and won many prizes in the Launceston Competitions. Barbara, their eldest, married Pro. Ian Murfett. Alan married Vena Curtis. Ann married Peter Williams. Sadly Roger died in 1992 after a very long illness.

JOSEPH REGINALD

Here is another family I had lots to do with after coming to Scottsdale to live. Margery and I are close in age and were great mates. They had a lovely home on West Tamar Road where we had many happy times. My memories of West Tamar Road are still very fresh. Such a caring uncle and Aunt. Joe was a very cheerful uncle and we loved him. Elsie was never strong. I learned a lesson on prayer and 'trusting in faith' from her. Margery and I were to catch a tram in the afternoon but the cuffs and collar of her dress couldn't be found. That meant possibly, no outing. Everyone was in on the search. I passed the kitchen and saw Elsie busy in there. I sat at the table and child-like said "Aren't you going to look any more." No," she replied, "I have become very tired, so



Joseph

I just went and prayed that the cuffs and collar will be found, so don't worry Eileen. You and Margery will catch the tram." We did with the lost being found.

On the visit of the late Prince of Wales to Launceston we had a first class view. Joe said to come to the Library at a certain time and he would let us in. He took us upstairs and we sat on the very wide window sills and could look down on the Prince at the Town Hall. Joe, according to our friend, the late Mr. Tuffin, told us that he had the real Forward walk, like his father and Grandfather - very even steps.

Their home was full of music. One Sunday, Margery was playing some piece on the piano and Grandma strongly disapproved telling her how wrong to play like that on a Sunday. Margery went back and played the same piece softly and slowly. Grandma was very well pleased that her advice was taken, not realizing it was the same piece.

As a family, they would holiday at Low Head each year. Elsie would quietly prepare to go but would not tell the family until the day of departure. She said had they known earlier she would never have managed with all their excitement. One year there was a change in plan and our two families went to Kelso together. That was a great holiday. One morning Margery came out with a jerry, gaily painted with red cherries, on her head. It caused a great laugh till Elsie said "wait Margery, I want to get more details, that's how I will make your winter hat." She did, minus the handle.

Margery had beautiful dark curls. My hair was fair and straight, so Elsie would do my hair in curl rags. Next day I'd be fit to compete with Margery. She would say "Now I have a fair and a dark daughter."

Their eldest son, Will and my brother, Ray were very close. They later married sisters, Ray married Dorothy and Will, Gwenneth. He had a fine voice. It was a sad time when Gwenneth died about fifteen months after their wedding and Will followed her after about eighteen months.

Gilbert left home early to study for the ministry. He had his mothers lovely golden hair. He later married Madge and had a family of four. We met some of this family at the Reunion. Gilbert, too, has passed away.

Margery married Tom Butterworth. I was thrilled to be a bridesmaid, and Pat, a flower girl. During a prayer at the wedding, I glanced down and saw Pat about to faint. I had time to catch her and laid her down and looked for someone to come and help. Everyone had their eyes closed. I was about to grab Edney, the best man's trouser leg when a Miss Masters opened her eyes, came over and carried Pat out. Excitement got the better of her.

Patricia Maude was a late arrival and a pretty baby too. This thrilled both Margery and I that our prayers were answered. Pat married Stan Dale and they had three sons,. Both Pat and Stan are gone.

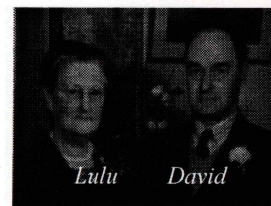
Margery lives in Adelaide in a nursing home. Her eye sight and memory are gone. Her son, Geoff, lives in Canberra, and Ian and Nolene in Adelaide. They keep me in touch with Margery.

Edney lives in in a lovely spot in Georgetown looking towards the Heads. He, with Joyce (nee Masters) are bright but often unwell now. He enjoys writing poetry. Their family are scattered. Roy lives in Queensland, John in South Australia, Margaret in Georgetown and Peter and Irene in Hobart. Margaret lost her husband, Bill Brown following a heart attack while on a holiday in Western Australia. It's wonderful she has Edney and Joyce across the road.

Joseph Reginald died 28/7/1967.

HANNAH LOUISE YOUNG (LULU)

Lulu lived in Wynyard in my young days. Wes was a tiny baby when we left for Scottsdale. I loved going to their



home. Lulu was small and so kind. She and Dave kept an open home and gave a welcome to everyone. Grandma and Lily lived with them for a time when Lily was a dental nurse in Devonport.

There is a story of a man who always came late to church. He had a cushion which was left in his seat. He would enter, walk to his seat, smooth the cushion and sit down. One Sunday, as usual, he sat down, only to rise up in the air. The cushion was filled with pins. Lulu guessed her two children, Wes and Joyce were involved and so called them to give them a straight talk, but every time she started, she burst out laughing. However, it bore fruit for the man never came late again.

Wes married Una Smith, niece of Auntie Linda, and they have one son, Neville and three daughters, Helen, Dorothy and Margaret. Wes and Una had an over-seas holiday in 1992 and visited Bristol and saw most of our cousins, Joyce, Peggy and Cynthia. By the photos, they look just the same. Wes and Una live very busy lives working in the Christian Book Shop in Devonport. Joyce married Murray Deans. They live now in Devonport and have four sons, Maurice, Glen, Neville and Robert.

Lulu was the last of the Forwards to come from England. More details can be read in the book "Forwards".

At the time of Lulu's death she lived with Joyce and Murray. It was Auntie Lil who came to help nurse her. It was a sunny morning when Joyce, Lil and I watched her slowly passing away, our dear little Auntie was "Home".

She was a loving Aunt, and Dave, an uncle to be proud of.

Hannah Louise died 27th February, 1968

CLARA LILY YOUNG (LIL)

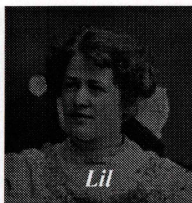
Lil was born after Gran pa-pa's second marriage to Emily. She was never a step-aunt to us all. She was our dear Aunt Lil, and so loved, so patient, generous, caring and highly thought of. A friend told me once that Lil came and helped her prepare for her wedding. She, for one thing, did the flowers. She was clever. After going to Exeter to live, then retired, it was an open home to us all. On her last visit, firstly to Ruth and then us, she asked me one morning if Dorothy liked old things. I replied, "Yes, but why?" "Well, I want Ray to have the Forward clock" I pointed out that Jack was older than Ray and Gilbert would love it, but she was firm in what she believed was right and that the clock should remain in Tasmania. She rang Ray and asked him to take her home. He did of course, but to his amazement he took the clock home. Was ever a man more thrilled than Ray. The clock is the 'Goddess of Industry'. It was presented to our Gran pa-pa on leaving England. It was beautiful. The glass dome had been cracked for many long years. Ray had a new glass cover made. His son, Alan now has the clock and it is greatly treasured. Lil went to Victoria and it was there she suddenly passed away leaving many sad hearts.

She never referred to her broken engagement. She was brave, just gave her life for caring for others. Having Dorothy West over the road was wonderful for Lil. They were like sisters.

Lil loved her garden. She loved the family and so lovingly cared for Maude.

When she and Grandma lived in High St. and Grandma was in bed toward the end of her life, Stan and Ray would meet on Sunday morning and lift Grandma on to another bed for a change on mattress. Ray would chip at Grandma and that always brought a smile.

Clara Lily died 16th December, 1968



FRANK ARTHUR

I know very little of Frank's early life, only that he was Gran-mas's pride and joy. I fully remember hearing Frank did this or said that. He was jolly like his brothers.

Frank married Edie Ebery and had a family of four, Len, Jean, Keith and Mavis. When Keith was born Edie needed help, so Maude took charge of Keith, leaving Edie to care for Len and Jean, who was in plaster with both hips out of joint. To Maude, Keith for ever after became "My Keith" Maude loved him.

Lil was very interested in a wedding in Melbourne and wrote to Frank to be sure to let her know the details. The letter came alright, describing the bride groom from the top of his head to soles of his shoes. The letter finished with, 'I forgot to mention there was a bride' It took Lil a while to see the funny side of this.

Frank had several churches in Melbourne and was loved.

I have only seen Len once, that was when he was a baby, a bonny one.

Jean was special, so loving. Our visits to their home was sincere. We were always so welcomed. They had a family of four. It was a sad day when Jean passed away. Recently Stewart, her husband came and saw us. We were so pleased. He is a fine man. Mavis and Keith were at our family gathering and it was good to see him and his family. Mavis is another fine cousin. In later years our letters seem to have ceased. It am not sure now where they live, but Mavis and John have been to see us. It is a joy when cousins take time to call.

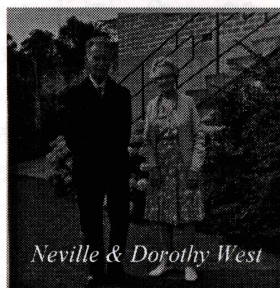
Memories of Frank are that he was like his brothers, a merry uncle.



DOROTHY AND NEVILLE WEST

Dorothy Forward Thomas came to Tasmania to visit her cousin on a working holiday. She worked at Ludbrooks showroom and boarded with Miss Heathorn on Trevallyn Rd. - like-wise Neville West.

We young ones knew her then as Aunty Dodo. She was like the aunts, so loving and so at home here. She and Neville finally married at Christ Church one sunny morning. It was outside the church that Margery told me that her mum was having a baby and she was praying for a sister. How excited we were and it made me pray harder for my sister. Both our prayers were answered.



Dorothy and Neville lived on Forest Road until they moved to Exeter. During the war two of the Forward relatives children, Freda Jarret and Janet Rogers came to live with the Wests till the war was over. This was a big task for the couple, not having a family, and Janet was a charming girl, so natural and full of life. Freda was sweet and a real lady. Neville was a real English gentleman in more ways than one.

They had many trips to England and when age caught up, they decided to bring Dorothy's brothers daughters here to meet us. First it was Cynthia, a widow and Peggy, single. They were loved on the spot. Later came Norah, then Joan and Bill. It wasn't until the reunion that we were to meet Joyce. What memories we have of their visits. Then a cousin Edith Courtney came. She, too, was loved on the spot. We had a barbecue lunch in the bush. It was a must for Neville on the arrival of visitors from England.

Dorothy felt Lil's death. She was never quite the same afterwards.

Their home was where we were welcomed. Prim Neville never lost his English way of life.

Neville was lost after Dorothy's death, but we saw him

often and he always celebrated his birthday with Ruth and Frank or with us.

With a caring mother and answers to prayer it is through Neville I'm still here. He would come up, often daily to help me with the diet. At an early age he had been given 6 months to live and he lived to 95. When John's little Nicola was born and became so ill, he wrote once and told me he prayed for her daily and add, Prayer has become a vital part of my life. The Rector of the Church of England was the means of helping Neville spiritually. He was a school mate of our John. Neville would visit either Ruth's or our home for his birthday where we would join together. He wished to have his last birthday at his home. Edney and Joyce joined Ruth, Frank, Reg and I for a happy day, his last.

The Forward chapter closes now. The last of the family, now a new generation is sadly passing too. So many have passed away and the next generation, and the next is following on.

I, with other nieces and nephews have loved our Aunts and Uncles and been loved by them. We can thank God for our Grandparents and their family who have left us priceless memories.

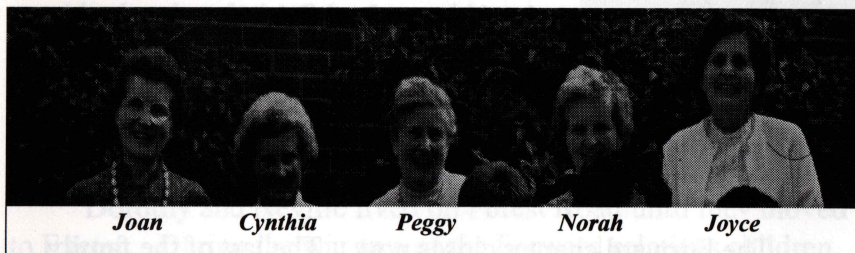
OUR ENGLISH COUSINS

It has been a joy to us to have had the privilege of knowing Cynthia, Joyce, Peggy, Norah and Joan and a few have met Barbara.

Their visits to Tasmania over the years have been enjoyed. Some of our cousins have visited England and been so welcomed by them. Wes and Una spent a day with Peggy and Cynthia in 1992. They also saw Joyce. Sadly Norah has passed away.

For the Forward reunion, the five sisters were able to join us. This indeed was a great event. Now there is so many gaps

in the family circles, it can never be repeated. After the reunion our cousins visited us on the North West Coast. What happy times we had, outings and get-together's. Their mother was our Grand pa-pa's younger sister. With these cousins and Dorothy West it has bridged the gap between England and Tasmania. Many we have never known but there was Edith Courtney, another cousin, so we feel we know something of our relatives back in England and their families. Letters are so full of interest, and a photo is sent from time to time as we keep in touch.



It was always a long wish of Aunt Maude's that she would visit the home of her parents. She so often spoke of it. Maybe all may have wished so, but most were never able to go.

